

FAMILY GUY

"Whistle While Your Wife Works"

Production #4ACX35
(Will be part of the fifth season)

Written by
Steve Callaghan

Directed by
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Created by
Seth MacFarlane

Executive Producers

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Seth MacFarlane
Chris Sheridan

TABLE DRAFT
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“Whistle While Your Wife Works”

CAST LIST FOR #4ACX35:

PETER GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE
LOIS GRIFFIN.....ALEX BORSTEIN
CHRIS GRIFFIN.....SETH GREEN
MEG GRIFFIN.....MILA KUNIS
STEWIE GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE
BRIAN GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE

ANGELA.....CARRIE FISHER (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
ANNOUNCER.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)
BIMBO #1.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
BIMBO #2.....TBD (SUB: MILA KUNIS)
BIMBO #3.....TBD (SUB: CHERRY CHEVAPRAVATDUMRONG)
BUZZ KILLINGTON.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)
CLEVELAND.....MIKE HENRY
CRAIG KILBORN.....TBD (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)
DAN FOGELBERG.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)
DANCER.....TBD (SUB: MILA KUNIS)
DON FONTAINE-LIKE VOICE.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
DONALD RUMSFELD.....TBD (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)
EDWARD SCHISSO HANDS.....TBD (SUB: SETH GREEN)
EVA LONGORIA.....TBD (SUB: MILA KUNIS)
FEMALE ENTERTAINMENT REPORTER.....TBD (SUB: MILA KUNIS)
HORACE.....JOHNNY BRENNAN (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
JILLIAN.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
JOE.....PATRICK WARBURTON (SUB: CHRIS SHERIDAN)
MAKEUP WOMAN.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
MARCIA CROSS.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
MAYOR WEST.....ADAM WEST (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
MORT GOLDMAN.....JOHNNY BRENNAN (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
MR. VAN DYKE.....TBD (SUB: STEVE CALLAGHAN)
OPIE.....MARK HENTEMANN
PERFORMANCE ARTIST.....MIKE HENRY
QUAGMIRE.....SETH MACFARLANE
REPORTER.....TBD (SUB: STEVE CALLAGHAN)
REPORTERS.....TBD (SUB: MIKE HENRY/STEVE CALLAGHAN/CHRIS SHERIDAN)
REX THE MENTALLY CHALLENGED SPY.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
SECURITY GUARD.....TBD (SUB: SETH GREEN)
TEACHER.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
TERI HATCHER.....TBD (SUB: CHERRY CHEVAPRAVATDUMRONG)
THUG.....TBD (SUB: SETH GREEN)

TOM.....SETH MACFARLANE
TRICIA TAKANAWA.....ALEX BORSTEIN
WENDY TAKANAWA.....ALEX BORSTEIN
WOMAN.....TBD (SUB: MILA KUNIS)

MAIN TITLE

The "Family Guy" theme plays. When it reaches the lyrics "ALL THE THINGS THAT MAKE US," PETER, who is at the top of the stairs, **stumbles** and **falls** down the stairs, taking out MEG, LOIS and a few of the DANCERS as he falls. **WIDEN TO REVEAL** him on the floor, on top of one Dancer, with a couple of others, clearly injured, nearby.

PETER

Ah! Ah, dammit!

LOIS

Peter, are you all right?

PETER

No, no, I think you should call
somebody.

BRIAN

(TO DANCER) Ma'am, are you all right?

DANCER

Ow! I think I punctured a lung!

PETER

Aw, dammit. Look at my foot. It's
already starting to swell up. Ah,
great, I'm looking forward to this
week. Freakin' swelled foot all week.

STEWIE leans in right up to the camera lens so that he's a little out of focus.

STEWIE

You know, we should -- we should --
You should probably go ahead and shut
that off.

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

The Griffins, minus Lois and Stewie, sit on the couch, watching TV.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

We now return to "Desperate
Housewives."

INT. BREE VAN DE KAMP'S LIVING ROOM - DAY (ON TV)

All the HOUSEWIVES sit, sipping coffee. MARCIA CROSS stands.

MARCIA CROSS

(VERY UPTIGHT) Ladies, I've remained
rather tight-lipped on this matter for
some time now, but I believe Mary Alice--

Suddenly, there is a **loud O.S. thunk**. After a beat, Marcia reaches behind herself (below frame) and lifts up a large stick. She looks at it quizzically.

MARCIA CROSS (CONT'D)

(RE: STICK, NOW TOTALLY RELAXED) Whoa!
What the hell is that?

EVA LONGORIA

It looks like a stick.

TERI HATCHER

Yeah, a big one. (BEAT) How'd it get
up there?

MARCIA CROSS

I-I don't know. But oh my god! That
feels like a million times better.
(EXCITED) You guys wanna fight?! Who
wants to fight me?!

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

Lois enters from the kitchen, holding Stewie.

LOIS

Hey, everybody. Stewie and I made a new friend at Mommy & Me. Didn't we, Stewie?

STEWIE

You made a friend. I spent the time trying to keep that shiny kid from touching me.

LOIS

You know Tricia Takanawa, from the news? She has a baby Stewie's age. You know, it's funny about those people, the grown-ups are so slim, but the babies are such chubby little nuggets!

There's a **knock** at the door. Peter opens it, revealing QUAGMIRE.

PETER

Oh, hey, Quagmire. How was Mexico?

QUAGMIRE

Fantastic. You know, the Mayan ruins are a fantastic look back at man's ascent. Plus, I banged this Oaxacan chick right in the dirt outside a bar. (THEN, PSYCHED) And I brought back fireworks!

Quagmire holds up a box of fireworks. The box reads, "¡Peligro!", "¡Explosivos!", and "¿Cómo se llama usted?"

PETER/CHRIS/STEWIE

Aw, sweet! / Let's blow up stuff! /
When he said "dirt," did he mean
"ass"?

PETER

Wow, illegal fireworks!

BRIAN

Uh, Peter, those look kinda dangerous.

PETER

Oh, I'll tell you what's dangerous:
playing rock/paper/scissors with
Edward Scissorhands.

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Peter stands next to EDWARD SCISSORHANDS. Peter is holding out his fist. Edward Scissorhands holds out one of his scissor hands.

EDWARD SCISSORHANDS

I win.

PETER

How do you figure that? Rock crushes
scissors.

EDWARD SCISSORHANDS

I know. And paper covers rock.

PETER

Well, you didn't throw paper.

EDWARD SCISSORHANDS

(HOLDS OUT HAND) What do you call
this?

PETER

Scissors!

EDWARD SCISSORHANDS

No, this is paper! (WIGGLING HIS
SCISSOR FINGERS) This is scissors.

PETER

Oh, well that -- oh. How do I know
that? That's cheating! I bet if I
threw paper those would be scissors.
(SIGHS) All right, fine, you win.
Take the freakin' thing.

ANGLE TO REVEAL an Eggo waffle halfway out of the toaster.
Edward Scissorhands reaches for it, takes it out, and
accidentally cuts it in half. The two halves fall to the
floor.

PETER (CONT'D)

Ha-ha! The last laugh is mine!

EXT. GRIFFINS' BACK YARD - (BACK TO PRESENT)

The rest of the family watches as Peter and Quagmire prepare
to light off some fireworks.

LOIS

I don't know about this, Peter. It
doesn't seem very safe.

PETER

C'mon, Lois, where's your adventurous
spirit? I mean, don't you think the
Indians said exactly the same thing to
Einstein before he crossed the
Atlantic in that land speeder?

LOIS

What?

PETER

Precisely, Lois. (AS IF HE'S MADE A
PROFOUND POINT) Precisely.

Stewie grabs a firecracker, lights it and flicks it at Brian.
It **explodes**.

BRIAN

Aaa! That is not cool! That is not
cool, man!

Stewie turns to Meg, proudly.

STEWIE

Serves him right for making me watch
"The Wizard of Oz". Lot of intense
imagery in that film and, well, you
see, I happen to be a highly visual
perso-- (OFF MEG, IRKED) Oh, you don't
care. (LONG BEAT, THEN SIGHS, ANNOYED)
Long story short, I had a bad dream.

ANGLE ON Peter and Quagmire.

PETER

Hey, Quagmire, check it out.

We see Peter has arranged a small pile of explosives. He
lights them all simultaneously and holds them up.

PETER (CONT'D)

I took ten M-80s and stuck 'em all
together. I call it Peter Griffin's
bunker-busting mega ultra--

The M-80s all **explode** in unison.

PETER (CONT'D)

Aaaaah! Aaaaah! Holy crap! Aaaaah!

Peter holds up his arm. All of the fingers of his right hand
have been blown off. The family **screams in terrified panic**.

LOIS

Oh, god! You blew off all your
fingers!

ANGLE ON Stewie, who holds up his empty sippy cup.

STEWIE

You know, no huge hurry, but I'm sort
of out of juice over here. (TAPS CUP
TWICE) Bone dry.

JOE wheels in.

JOE

What happened?! (SEES PETER'S HAND)
Oh, my god!

As Joe approaches, we hear a **clicking sound**, which slows then
stops along with the movement of Joe's wheelchair.

CHRIS

There's one of dad's fingers!

Chris pulls one of Peter's fingers out of Joe's spokes.

MEG

I learned in Biology, if you get them
back soon enough, you can re-attach
them.

CLEVELAND rushes into the back yard, oblivious to the fact
that one of Peter's fingers is lodged in his afro.

CLEVELAND

What's all the commotion?!

EXT. SPOONER STREET - LATER

Peter and Joe walk along the sidewalk, looking for Peter's
fingers. Peter turns and his eyes widen, as he looks across
the street.

PETER

Hey, there's one of them!

PETER'S P.O.V.: QUICK PUSH IN on one of his fingers lying in the grass outside Herbert's house.

Peter starts to run across the street. Joe notices a car heading right for Peter.

JOE

Peter, look out!

Joe rolls to stop Peter, but his wheel falls over the curb and he falls out of it onto the street. Peter is then **hit** by the car. He lies in the street, unable to move his legs.

ANGLE ON Herbert's house. HERBERT lets out his dog, JESSE, whose hind legs are, of course, useless. Jesse spots the finger, then spots Joe and Peter. Joe and Peter spot Jesse. All three of them head for the finger at once, pulling themselves along by their hands, with their useless legs dragging behind them. Just as they all reach the finger, a BIRD swoops down, snatches it up, and flies up to its nest.

PETER

Dammit!

EXT. SPOONER STREET - SUNSET

Peter (back on his feet) and Joe (back in his wheelchair) stare up at the tree.

PETER

It can't stay up there forever.

JOE

Well, it probably can. It's a bird, that's its nest.

PETER

Maybe if we make it mad, it'll come down here and we can catch it and get the finger. (TO BIRD) Hey! Birds have tiny feet. Know what that means? Huh? Tiny penis. How do you like that?! Huh?! How do you like that, tiny penis bird?!

The Bird **chirps angrily** and flies back down to Peter, and starts flapping in his face.

PETER (CONT'D)

Ah, I knew that would getcha! Hit a little too close to home there?! Come here, you bastard! Aaa! Aaa! Stop pecking me!

PETER'S P.O.V.: The bird flies toward camera with its claws out, about to make a final strike. Suddenly, we hear a **gun shot** as the bird stops and falls out of frame. Behind it is Joe, and we **RACK FOCUS** on him. He holds his smoking gun.

PETER (CONT'D)

Thanks, Joe.

JOE

Let's plant a knife on him, just to be safe.

Joe takes out a knife and places it next to the bird.

PETER

JOE

Ah, good thinking.

Yeah, I know how these things go down.

INT. CHANNEL FIVE NEWSROOM - DAY (ON TV)

TOM and DIANE sit at the news desk.

TOM

Later, join us for our "Eye on Hollywood" segment, with our new entertainment reporter, Boobsy Sexypants.

ANGLE ON the FEMALE ENTERTAINMENT REPORTER.

FEMALE ENTERTAINMENT REPORTER

My name's Ellen Henderson, Tom.

TOM

Terrific, Boobsy. Can't wait. (THEN)
But first, a local man lost several
fingers in a fireworks accident today,
all but one recovered. Authorities
announced a reward for the missing
finger, seen here.

CUT TO a picture of a pile of money.

TOM (CONT'D)

That's the reward. Okay, now sports.

EXT./ESTAB. ART HOUSE MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

INT. ART HOUSE MOVIE THEATRE - SAME

Brian and Stewie, holding snacks, look for a place to sit.

BRIAN

Hey, thanks for suggesting this. It's
been a while since I've seen a good
foreign film.

STEWIE

Me, too. Thought I'd forgotten that
art house theatre smell. Sort of a
mix between Mike & Ike's and dykes.

They sit next to the PERFORMANCE ARTIST as the lights dim.
From the screen, we hear a **Don LaFontaine-like voice-over**.

DON LAFONTAINE-LIKE VOICE (V.O.)

Dans un monde de rois... où la corruption
est un mode de vie... il y a un homme...
qui porte la torche de vérité.

The Performance Artist leans over to Brian.

PERFORMANCE ARTIST

I see you got a cell phone there. I
sure hope you'll be considerate enough
to turn it off before the movie
starts. I like to be in a sanctuary
here, block out all my troubles.
Doctor's appointments, whatnot.
Nothing worse than being jolted out of
a tender moment by "La Cucaracha."

BRIAN

Don't worry, I know enough to--

Brian's cell phone rings to the tune of "Axel F" from Beverly Hills Cop. He stumbles to answer it.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(VERY SOFTLY, INTO PHONE) I'm at the
movies. I'll call you back.

EXT. GRIFFINS' FRONT PORCH - DAY

Peter sits on the front porch, eating ice cream out of the carton. With his bandaged hand, he struggles to get the spoon to his mouth, but drops it. He **whines** as Brian enters.

BRIAN

How's the hand, Peter?

PETER

Aw, it's awful, Brian. I got all the
other fingers reattached, but there's
still no sign of the last one. And
it's way more of a pain than you'd
think.

INT. KINDERGARTEN CLASSROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A TEACHER sits at the front of the class, as the KIDS work on something.

TEACHER

Okay, kids. Let's see all your
turkeys.

WE PAN DOWN the row of kids, who hold up their pictures of turkeys made from tracing their own hand. We get to Peter, who holds up his, which is missing a finger. After a beat, Peter **breaks down in tears**, in shame.

EXT. GRIFFINS' FRONT PORCH - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

A limo pulls up and MAYOR WEST gets out, holding a jar.

MAYOR WEST

Good day, citizen. The televised
announcements have informed me you
might be looking for this.

He holds up the jar which contains Peter's finger (resting on a small tuft of grass) with some air holes poked in the lid.

PETER

Holy crap! It's my finger!

MAYOR WEST

(RE: FINGER) Although we shared some
treasured memories, I see now he
should be with his rightful owner.

(SADLY, TO FINGER) Goodbye, Gerald.

Mayor West turns away sadly.

EXT./ESTAB. TRICIA TAKANAWA'S HOUSE - DAY

The mailbox reads, "Takanawa".

INT. TRICIA TAKANAWA'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

Stewie sits amid piles of toys with Tricia Takanawa's toddler daughter, WENDY. TRICIA pokes her head in from the kitchen.

TRICIA TAKANAWA

Stewie, Wendy, I'm coming to you from
the kitchen, where I am currently
cleaning up the lunch dishes.

(MORE)

TRICIA TAKANAWA (CONT'D)

Continue to enjoy your playdate and
I'll be back to you with further
developments.

Tricia disappears into the kitchen.

STEWIE

Hey, Wendy, look at this. Over here.

I made a little house for you.

Stewie indicates a corral made of Lincoln logs and building
blocks with a handwritten sign that reads, "Internment Camp."

WENDY TAKANAWA

(BABBLING IN TRICIA'S EXACT SAME CADENCE)

Brian rushes through the front door.

BRIAN

(SIGHS) Sorry I'm late. I kinda
forgot I was supposed to pick you up.

STEWIE

Forgot? That might be the second-
worst excuse I've ever heard.

INT. PENTAGON BRIEFING ROOM - DAY (CUTAWAY)

DONALD RUMSFELD addresses a group of REPORTERS.

REPORTER

Secretary Rumsfeld, after all we've
been through in Iraq, how come we
didn't find any WMDs?

DONALD RUMSFELD

Jim, I'm not going to lie to you.
It's because our search was led by Rex
the Mentally Challenged Spy.

REX THE MENTALLY CHALLENGED SPY, who has a sweater on inside
out, unkempt hair, mismatched socks and a fanny pack, enters
and stands next to Rumsfeld. Rex pulls a baggie out of his
fanny pack.

REX THE MENTALLY CHALLENGED SPY

I have granola.

DONALD RUMSFELD

So, which of you's gonna tell him he
screwed up?

REPORTERS

(AWKWARDLY) Nice going, champ! / Keep
looking! / Yeah, you'll find 'em,
buddy!

INT. TRICIA TAKANAWA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

BRIAN

(TESTY) Look, I'm sorry. I had some
things I had to do, okay? (CALLS OFF)
Thanks, Ms. Takanawa!

TRICIA TAKANAWA

(ENTERING) My pleasure. And, please,
call me Asian Mother Tricia Takanawa.

(LIKE SHE'S TOSSING IT BACK) Brian?

Brian gathers up Stewie and his stuff and they exit to:

EXT. TRICIA TAKANAWA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Stewie and Brian walk toward Brian's car.

STEWIE

Hey, I was thinking. You wanna catch
another foreign film this weekend?

BRIAN

I can't. I got stuff.

STEWIE

The whole weekend?

BRIAN

Yeah. The whole weekend.

STEWIE

I say, what's with you lately? You're always "busy" and when I ask you about it, you never -- (REALIZING) Oh, blast! I left my plastic Ernie in there.

BRIAN

You wanna go back?

STEWIE

No, leave it. Everything just goes right into that girl's mouth, so it's probably all dripping with SARS.

EXT./ESTAB. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - NIGHT

INT. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - SAME

Peter (with all his fingers again intact) sits with Cleveland, Quagmire, and Joe. They all raise their glasses.

JOE

Here's to Peter getting his fingers back!

PETER

Thanks, Joe. I tell ya, I haven't felt this good since I came up with that new place to hide my porn.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Lois, holding her purse, **kisses** Peter goodbye.

LOIS

Have a good day, sweetie.

Lois exits. Peter shuts the door, then breathes a **big sigh**. He crosses to a painting and pulls it to one side, revealing a keypad on the wall. He enters a passcode, which reveals a previously invisible door panel in the wall under the stairs and **slides** it open. Peter enters into:

INT. ELEVATOR UNDER THE STAIRS - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK CONT'D)

The door closes and the elevator **descends** at rocket speed. A few beats later, the doors open up to:

INT. HI-TECH COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK CONT'D)

Peter steps into a sleek command center. He passes a SECURITY GUARD sitting at an access control station.

PETER

Hey, Greg.

SECURITY GUARD

Afternoon, Mr. Griffin. Mrs. Griffin
out today?

PETER

Shoppin'.

SECURITY GUARD

Ah.

Peter places his hand on a hi-tech fingerprint scanner and directs his eye to a laser that scans his retina. A computer screen flashes, "ACCESS GRANTED." He walks down a hallway, through a series of large metal doors that **open** and **shut** for him (a la "Get Smart") until he arrives at a bank vault. ANOTHER SECURITY GUARD sees Peter and immediately grabs his ring of keys. The Guard and Peter enter the vault together and each insert their own key into a metal chamber in the center of the room, **unlocking** it. Peter opens it and pulls out a dirty magazine, which he glances at matter-of-factly.

PETER

Ah, she's hot.

INT. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

HORACE calls over from the bar.

HORACE

All right, last call, fellas. It's
closing time.

The guys look around and notice they're the last ones there.

PETER

Aw, crap, I'm not even half-buzzed.
Hey, whaddaya guys say we take this
party on the road?

QUAGMIRE

(OFF WATCH) Fine by me. Skinemax
doesn't kick in with the really dirty
stuff 'til three anyway.

CLEVELAND

Quagmire, I believe that network is
called "Cinema--" (CHUCKLES) Oh, I
just got that. Because they're nude.

EXT. PAWTUCKET PATRIOT BREWERY - NIGHT

Peter's car pulls up into the empty parking lot.

INT. PAWTUCKET PATRIOT BREWERY BOTTLING ROOM - NIGHT

The doors open, revealing the guys standing in the doorway.
The room is dark.

JOE

Peter, you sure it's okay to be here
after hours?

PETER

Hey, hey, this is where I work,
Handicap. Whaddaya think of that as a
new nickname?

JOE

I don't like it at all.

PETER

(PUT OUT) Oh. Well, I'll just call
you Joe. That's fun.

Peter flips on the light. Their jaws drop at what they see. There's beer everywhere (cases, floor-to-ceiling, giant kegs, huge vats, etc.).

QUAGMIRE

Wow.

PETER

Oh, it gets better. You know that fantasy we all have about taking a bath in beer?

JOE

(BEAT) Yeah.

PETER

Well, I was thinking we might take a bath in some beer.

JOE

All right. Let's do it.

PETER

Well, thank you for deflating the moment, Joe. (UNDER HIS BREATH) Jesus.

INT. BREWERY - LATER

Peter, Joe, Quagmire and Cleveland sit in their underpants in a large vat of beer. They're clearly very drunk. Every once in a while, Joe's legs float to the top and he casually pushes them back down.

PETER

Okay, guys, here's one. If you were god, who would you strike down first?

JOE

Debra Messing. I find her insufferable.

CLEVELAND

French Stewart. What are you squinting about? It's not even that bright.

QUAGMIRE

Mort Goldman. (OFF THEIR LOOKS) What? I hate that guy.

JOE

(BEAT) Me, too.

PETER

Wow, I -- I don't like him, either.

QUAGMIRE

Get the hell outta here! I always assumed you guys liked him, that's why I was civil to him.

CLEVELAND

No, I find him grating. Every time he talks I just want to punch him in the face.

PETER

Wait, so none of us like Mort?

JOE

That's -- Apparently that's the way it looks.

PETER

Wow, what a colossal amount of time we have wasted being polite to that guy. To think, this whole time we all hated Mort and Bonnie.

JOE

What?

WIDEN TO REVEAL this is being viewed as **SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE** in:

INT. ANGELA'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Peter's boss, ANGELA, stands watching the monitor with Peter.

ANGELA

What do you have to say for yourself?

PETER

That wasn't me.

PETER'S VOICE (V.O.)

(FROM MONITOR) I am Peter Griffin!

PETER

(OFF HER LOOK) Well, I wasn't drunk.

PETER'S VOICE (V.O.)

(FROM MONITOR) I am so hammered!

PETER

Well, at least not so drunk I forgot
the formula for the volume of a sphere.

PETER'S VOICE (V.O.)

(FROM MONITOR) Four-thirds-pi-r-cubed!

PETER

See.

ANGELA

Griffin, you're fired.

PETER

Okay, okay. But before you make your
final decision, let me just say you
look fabulous today. I mean, just
great.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

And your boobs do not at all scream
"droopy meatsock" like they usually
do.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - MORNING

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

Stewie sits on the couch as Brian enters through the front door.

STEWIE

(ANNOYED) Uh, hey there. We were
supposed to have brunch this morning.

BRIAN

Oh, yeah, sorry. I had a late night.

STEWIE

Late night, huh? What's her name,
Brian?

BRIAN

What are you talking about?

STEWIE

Spare me the theatrics. I see the
signs: the excuses for why we can't
hang out, the inside-out collar. If I
didn't recognize what was going on
here, I'd have to be as dumb as Peter.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Peter enters wearing what is obviously a giant panda costume. He looks around for a beat, then curiously lifts a sofa cushion, puts it back down, then holds his hands up to his panda face and calls off screen.

PETER

Lois! Have you seen my giant panda
costume?

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - MORNING (BACK TO PRESENT)

STEWIE

Look, Brian, I think it's wonderful
you've found a young lady willing to
stoop to your level. When do I get to
meet her?

BRIAN

No. No way.

STEWIE

Oh. I see. I get it. She's hideous.

BRIAN

She is not hideous.

STEWIE

Oh, well, let me ask you something.
Does she have an alibi?

BRIAN

For what? Why would she need an
alibi?

STEWIE

So you're saying she does not have an
alibi?

BRIAN

Well, no.

STEWIE

Okay, so we've established she ain't
got no alibi. She ugly! She ugly! U-
G-L-Y, she ain't got no alibi--

BRIAN

(LEAVING) Screw you.

As Brian exits, Stewie continues to cheer.

STEWIE

M - she's major ugly. O - she's fat
and pugly. O - my god, no. The cow
says "moo."

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

Lois sits on the couch watching TV. Peter walks in in the background very conspicuously.

PETER

Well, Lois, I am off to work. Doo-de-
doo-de-doo.

LOIS

Okay, Peter. See you later.

PETER

Yes, siree. Off to work I go.

Peter opens the door and **shuts it**, exiting. There's a beat. We see him slowly peer in at her through the window. He disappears again and after another beat, he quickly **bursts** back in through the door and runs upstairs. Lois looks up curiously, then looks over at the stairs. She gets up and walks upstairs.

INT. PETER & LOIS' BEDROOM - CONTINUED

Lois walks into the bedroom. We see Peter's hand sticking slightly out from under the bed.

LOIS

Peter? (BEAT) Peter, I see you under
there.

Peter's hand slides quickly under the bed violently as the bed shakes a bit from his jerky movements.

PETER (O.S.)

It's not me. It's not -- It's not
Peter. He's at work.

LOIS

Oh? Then who's under there?

PETER

A slipper.

LOIS

Peter, come on.

PETER

(BEAT) A -- a VCR box.

LOIS

Well, I guess I'll have to give Chris
this freshly-made pizza.

We hear violent **scrambling** as the bed **bumps** up and down and Peter scrambles to get out. The bed flips over and he scurries to his feet, trying to play it cool from there.

PETER

Oh, hey, Lois. I just got back from
work.

LOIS

Peter, what the hell's going on?

PETER

Not much. What the hell's going on
with you?

LOIS

You got fired, didn't you?

PETER

Aw, I wanted it to be a surprise.

EXT./ESTAB. PAWTUCKET PATRIOT BREWERY - DAY

INT. ANGELA'S OFFICE - SAME

Angela is at her desk. Lois sits across from her.

LOIS

Listen, Angela, I know Peter doesn't
always think before he acts, but you
gotta give him another chance.

ANGELA

I appreciate you coming, Mrs. Griffin, but, frankly, Peter's an idiot. He's not getting his job back.

LOIS

Oh, that's too bad. You know, he's always telling me how young and beautiful you are.

ANGELA

I find that hard to believe, Mrs. Griffin. Just last week he called me an evil, old poopie robot.

LOIS

Oh, he's very clever, isn't he? The other day he kept calling me "farty mouth" until I gave him another Chewy Chips Ahoy.

They both **chuckle**.

LOIS (CONT'D)

What can I do? He was a rescue. If I bring him back, they'll kill him.

They both **laugh harder**.

ANGELA

Mrs. Griffin, I like you. So, I'm gonna be the good guy here and give Peter another shot. On one condition: that you also come to work in this department.

LOIS

(EXCITED) Me working in an office?

That would be hard to pass up.

ANGELA

Then welcome aboard.

Angela shakes Lois' hand. Lois beams. After a beat, a drunken, haggard Quagmire crawls out of a nearby credenza, still in his underpants, carrying a beer. He stumbles around for a minute trying to get his bearings.

QUAGMIRE

(BREATHING HEAVY, THEN) There's a hole-
punch in my anus.

Quagmire **collapses** on the floor.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT./ESTAB. PAWTUCKET PATRIOT BREWERY - DAY

INT. SHIPPING DEPARTMENT - SAME

Peter and Lois sit at desks facing each other. Lois works busily.

PETER

Boy, Lois, this sure is wild working
in the same office, huh?

LOIS

(DISTRACTED, WORKING) Yes, yes, it is.

There's a long beat. Peter, bored, begins throwing paper clips at Lois.

PETER

Hey. Hey. Let's screw around.

LOIS

Peter, knock it off. I'm trying to
finish this report.

A beat. He throws his stapler, which **hits** Lois in the face.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Ow! Dammit, Peter!

PETER

C'mon... I don't wanna work. Hey, I
got an idea: you spin me in my chair
really fast and I'll go "aaaaaaa" and
then when you hear it, it'll sound
like (DOPPLER) "aaaAAaaaaAAaaaaAAA--"

LOIS

(FIRMLY) Peter, this is an office.

She goes back to work. Peter sits there silently for a few beats, then throws his computer monitor at Lois, which **knocks** her backward out of her chair.

LOIS (CONT'D)

(SCREAMS) Aaaah! (GETS UP) What the hell is your problem?!

PETER

Geez, Lois, learn to have some fun. You're more tense than Tim Robbins in that prison break scene from "Shawshank Redemption." You know, where he's gotta bust open the pipe at the right time, so no one hears it?

INT. SHAWSHANK PRISON - NIGHT (CUTAWAY)

A PRISON GUARD sits on duty, watching a small TV. We hear the "**Friends**" theme start to play.

INT. PRISON WALLS - SAME TIME (CUTAWAY CONTINUED)

TIM ROBBINS, dripping with sweat, stands poised with a rock, ready to break open a big sewer pipe. He **hits** the rock four times, right as the **four claps** in the "Friends" theme are heard.

EXT. SHABBY APARTMENT - DAY

Brian and Stewie stand on the front step of an apartment.

BRIAN

All right, I wanna be very clear about this: you can meet her, chat for a minute, and that's all. In and out.

STEWIE

Don't worry, Brian. If she's as ugly as I think she is, I'll look at her once, and I'll go (BARFING NOISES) "Blah. Blah." All over the place. And you'll wipe it up, and then we'll go.

The door opens, revealing a very attractive woman, JILLIAN.

JILLIAN

Hi, Brian! (SEES STEWIE) Oh, my god,
who's your cute little friend?

STEWIE

(SURPRISED) Oh, my. Hello. Stewie.
Charmed.

JILLIAN

I'm Jillian. Come on in. Who wants a
drink?

Jillian exits to the kitchen. Brian and Stewie step inside.

INT. JILLIAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

BRIAN

So, you gonna take back what you said?

STEWIE

Brian, she's stunning.

BRIAN

Okay, you met her. You can scram now.

STEWIE

I shall do no such thing. Now, why in
the world would you be embarrassed
about dating her?

Jillian comes back over, holding two glasses.

JILLIAN

Oh my god, Brian, I totally almost text
messed you today. I saw a really
funny SNL rerun on TV. It had John
Belushi on it. I think it was from
before he died. (OFF GLASSES) Oop. I
forgot to fill these up.

She returns to the kitchen. A long beat.

STEWIE

Is she retarded?

BRIAN

(ANNOYED) Can you please leave now?

Stewie has a realization.

STEWIE

Ohhhhhh, now I get it. She's a moron, but a moron that makes stuff come out of your special place.

BRIAN

Shut up. That's not it at all.

STEWIE

(CALLS OVER) Say, Jillian, I love what you've done with the place. What is it? One bedroom, one bath?

JILLIAN

(CONFUSED) No, it's a whole apartment.

STEWIE

(SMUGLY, TO BRIAN) Oh, god. Outstanding.

Jillian comes over and sits with them, handing them drinks.

JILLIAN

So, Stewie... do you work with Brian at the detective agency?

STEWIE

(GRINNING, LOOKS AT BRIAN) Why, yes, as a matter of fact, I do. At the detective agency.

*Andrew Haas
Anderson
Melissa Referrer
Eileen Pompeo*

JILLIAN

That's got to be a tough job. I know Brian's work has him coming and going at all hours of the night.

STEWIE

I bet it does. I bet it does.

BRIAN

Okay, well, Stewie has to go now--

STEWIE

In fact, at the agency we just cracked this one case -- we call it "The Secret of the Old Mill" -- where it turns out Old Man Caruthers was scaring people off his property simply so no one would discover he was counterfeiting the famed Amulet of Yendor. (POINTEDLY) Isn't that right, Brian?

BRIAN

(HATING THIS) Uh... yeah. That's right.

JILLIAN

(AWED) Wow!

STEWIE

Yes, yes. (SIPS) Mm, delicious lemonade.

JILLIAN

Thanks. I just wish they didn't have to kill so many lemons to make it.

Off her comment, Stewie jovially **slaps** Brian's knee repeatedly.

STEWIE

Oh, this is fun! Ehrrrrrr?!

Brian sighs, mortified.

INT. SHIPPING DEPARTMENT - DAY

Lois sits at her desk. Angela enters with MR. VAN DYKE, the mid-50s company president.

ANGELA

Lois, I wanted to tell you: nice job on streamlining our invoicing system.

LOIS

(LAUGHS, THEN) Ain't no thing but a chicken wing.

ANGELA

I want to introduce you to Mr. Van Dyke, the company president.

LOIS

Oh, nice to meet you, sir.

MR. VAN DYKE

The pleasure is mine. Or as they say in Australia -- (POINTED, SMUG) where I've been -- fair dinkum! No, good to have you here, though. New blood, get some new ideas in here.

LOIS

It's funny you said that, sir, because I did have an idea the other day.

MR. VAN DYKE/ANGELA

(INTRIGUED) Oh? / (WARY) Oh?

LOIS

Yes, well, you know how all the other breweries throw an Oktoberfest?

MR. VAN DYKE

Yes, like in Germany - where I've also been. What we call "German," they call "Deutsch." "Deutsch." Try saying it back to me.

LOIS

"Deutsch"?

MR. VAN DYKE

Eh, almost. In Germany, they'd identify you as an American instantly.

LOIS

Anyway, I was thinking, why not beat those other breweries to the punch by celebrating "Septemberfest"?

MR. VAN DYKE

Hmm. That's not bad. Not bad at all.

LOIS

(PITCHING) "Come to Septemberfest, the time of year when Labor Day has passed, the kids go back to school, and the networks once again try to shove Malcolm Jamal Warner down our throats."

MR. VAN DYKE

Ah, I have visited Africa. (THEN)

Well, carry on.

Mr. Van Dyke exits.

PETER

(ENTERING) Hey, Lois, here comes the
naughty stable boy...

Peter enters, totally nude. There's an awkward beat.

PETER (CONT'D)

Uh, hey. Sorry to break up the party.
I was just sorta hopin' for a little
private time with my wife. (OFF WATCH)
I mean, it is almost lunch.

ANGELA

Peter, Lois completed six times the
work you did in half the time, and
you're standing here in the office in
the middle of a work day completely
naked. So, I'm having you work
through lunch.

Angela exits. Peter **sighs**, annoyed.

PETER

Great. Thanks a lot, Lois. I thought
having you here was gonna be fun, but
so far, you've been a bigger buzzkill
than Buzz Killington.

INT. PARTY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Peter and a group of GUYS are holding beers, **laughing** and
high-fiving at a party.

PETER

This is the best party I've ever been
to. Whooo!

BUZZ KILLINGTON, a stuffy-looking man in a top hat and a
monocle, enters with a sketchpad under his arm.

BUZZ KILLINGTON

Evening, everyone. I thought it'd be very droll if we all sat down and looked at etchings. Would you join me, Peter?

PETER

Well, we're kinda partying here...

BUZZ KILLINGTON

Good! Hold this up. (HANDS PETER HIS SKETCHPAD AND POINTS TO IT) Now here's a fellow attempting to ride a bicycle. But he's having some trouble, isn't he? Would you like to know why?

PETER

(HEAVY SIGH) Why?

BUZZ KILLINGTON

Because he's a Scot! (CHUCKLES) Now, who here likes a good story about a bridge?

PETER

(RUBBING EYES) Aaaaaa.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' DEN - SAME

Stewie sits, stacking blocks. Brian enters with the paper.

STEWIE

Oh, hey, Detective Griffin. Any hot new leads? Or just hot booty calls from your idiot girlfriend?

BRIAN

You know, think what you want, but you don't see the side of Jillian that I do.

STEWIE

Which side would that be? Her backside? (THEN) Face it, Brian, she's dumber than Craig Kilborn.

INT. CRAIG KILBORN'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT (CUTAWAY)

CRAIG KILBORN sits in front of the makeup mirror as a MAKEUP WOMAN touches him up.

MAKEUP WOMAN

Are you sure you want to give up late night?

CRAIG KILBORN

Yep. Going out on top.

MAKEUP WOMAN

You're last in the ratings.

CRAIG KILBORN

I'm gonna do movies.

MAKEUP WOMAN

Women hate you and men don't want to be you.

CRAIG KILBORN

(RE: MIRROR) God, I look good.

INT. GRIFFINS' DEN - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

BRIAN

For your information, Jillian is very bright. And she happens to be a very talented photographer.

STEWIE

Oh, that is so lame! Every hot girl who can aim a camera thinks she's a photographer. "Oooh, you took a black and white picture of a lawn chair and its shadow and developed it at Sav-On. You must be so brooding and deep."

BRIAN

Knock it off.

STEWIE

No, I want to know, Brian. What, specifically, do you talk about?

BRIAN

A lot of things. (GRASPING) Food... the seat covers she just got for her Sonata... um... "The Apprentice."

STEWIE

You hate "The Apprentice"!

BRIAN

I-I-I, well, you know, in fairness, I'd never really given it a chance. (THEN) Look, I don't have to justify anything to you. All that matters is I know Jillian and I have a lot in common, and we make each other laugh.

STEWIE

(VERY INTENSE) Fine. But just tell me this, Brian: does she laugh on her own or does she laugh only when you laugh?

Brian doesn't answer.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

(DISGUSTED) I thought so.

Brian's cell phone **rings**. He looks at the caller ID, then turns away from Stewie to answer it.

BRIAN

(INTO PHONE; CLIPPED, HUSHED TONES)

Hey... Yeah... Uh-huh... Uh-huh...

Uh, you gotta hit "DVD" and then

"menu" and then "select"... Yeah.

The DVD needs to be face up when you

put it in... Uh-huh. You should be

able to see the words "Mr. 3000"...

Yeah... Still nothing? Is it plugged

in...? Okay, so plug it in... Okay.

There you go... All right, you got

it...? All right, love you, too, Jilly

bean... Okay. (HANGS UP, THEN OFF

STEWIE'S LOOK) What?

STEWIE

(SMUG) Nothing. I didn't say anything.

BRIAN

(SIGHS) I need a drink.

Brian exits to the kitchen, leaving the newspaper and his cell phone. Stewie grabs his phone and hits some buttons.

STEWIE

(INTO PHONE, ALTERING VOICE) Hey,

Jilly bean. It's Brian again.

(MORE)

STEWIE (CONT'D)

So, yeah, so I figured we could get together tonight and maybe do all those things sexually that we usually do... Uh, what were those again..? No way! -- I mean, I know, I know. I love how that feels.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

Brian enters through the front door. He looks up, shocked.

BRIAN

What the hell?

WIDEN TO REVEAL the family is sitting with Jillian.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Jillian, what are you doing here?

LOIS

Oh, hi, Brian. It was so nice of you to invite your girlfriend over for dinner.

BRIAN

I invited her for dinner?

STEWIE

Yes, you did. You wanted her to meet the family. Now, come here, Brian. Come sit by your friend, Stewie.

ANGLE ON Jillian, who is talking with Chris and Peter.

JILLIAN

...And then think about this: have you ever seen the sun and the moon in the same place at the same time?

PETER

(GASPS) They're the same person!

JILLIAN

I know, right?!

CHRIS

You're brilliant!

Jillian **kisses** Brian on the cheek.

JILLIAN

Hey, Oogie!

LOIS

(KIND OF ENJOYING THIS) So tell us,
Oogie, where did you find this one?
You two meet at a Mensa meeting?

JILLIAN

(GIDDY) No, at a Quizno's! We both
ordered the Turkey Ranch and Swiss, no
onions. Can you believe that?!

LOIS

(SARCASTIC) No, wow. What are the odds?

STEWIE

Hey, what are the odds of finding true
love anywhere in the world, says this
observer.

JILLIAN

Hey, you wanna know something cool? I
threw up a lot in high school, so I
don't get my period anymore.

ANGLE ON Lois and Brian.

LOIS

Wow, this is the one you've been waiting for, huh, Brian? (BURSTING OUT LAUGHING) Are you serious? Are you serious, Brian?

BRIAN

All right, you know what, Lois, don't judge. Because you don't know what two people are like when they're alone.

INT. JILLIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Brian lies on the bed as Jillian puts on earrings.

JILLIAN

C'mon, let's go out dancing.

BRIAN

(SELLING) I don't know. I'm feeling kinda cozy tonight. Kinda mellow.

JILLIAN

I just really want to go danc--

Brian grabs a nearby flashlight and shines it on the wall.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)

(RE: LIGHT) There it is again! What is that?

As Brian moves the light around, Jillian chases after it, trying to "catch" it.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

STEWIE

So, Jillian, what are your views regarding homeland security?

BRIAN

(OFF WATCH) Whoa, seven twenty already?

(STILTED) Time for us to hit the dance floor, eh? Get out there and booooogie.

STEWIE

No, no, no. Let her talk. Let her talk. (LEANS INTO JILLIAN WITH GREAT INTEREST) Yes, homeland security. Do you think we should support what the president is doing?

JILLIAN

Well, I just think, for starters, that sometimes the government has things that they can't tell us and, truthishly, we should just accept that.

A beat. Brian hauls Jillian off toward the door.

BRIAN

Okay, goodnight, everyone.

Stewie crosses to Jillian and Brian.

STEWIE

Say, Jillian, before you go. I forget. Do you know what the capital of this state is?

JILLIAN

(THINKS) Um... Rhode Island City?

STEWIE

(LAUGHS, THEN TO OTHERS) It's like she's

(BLEEP)ing five!

EXT./ESTAB. PAWTUCKET PATRIOT BREWERY - DAY

INT. SHIPPING DEPARTMENT - SAME

Peter and Lois sit at their desks. There's a large stack of paperwork on Peter's desk.

LOIS

(AS SHE WORKS) Peter, I'm gonna go grab a cup of coffee. You wanna come with me?

PETER

Nope, can't go get coffee. Gotta work.

(BAD LOIS VOICE, SCRIBBLING ON PAPER) Oh, look at me, I'm Lois. I'm a worker. I make stuff on things. Oh, I'll file these later. (PICKS UP PHONE) Oh, I got a phone (LISTENS, NOTHING) Nope, that's it.

Peter sets the phone back down.

LOIS

What was that, Peter?

PETER

You heard me.

LOIS

Whatever.

Lois exits. Peter stewes for a beat, then gets an idea. He crosses to Lois' desk and grabs her phone receiver. He slowly draws it close to his ass, as Angela enters.

ANGELA

What are you doing?

PETER

(INDIGNANT) Well, I was tryin' to fart on Lois' phone before you interrupted me --
(RELIEVED) Uhp, there we go.

ANGELA

Look, Peter, I know having Lois here hasn't been easy, but try not to think of it as a threat. Try to think of it as a challenge.

Just then, Lois enters with Mr. Van Dyke.

MR. VAN DYKE

Angela, I ran into Lois at the coffee station and I thought I'd share the news with everyone at once. Lois has got such great ideas I've decided to promote her to Vice President of Corporate Programs.

ANGELA

But... that makes her my superior.

MR. VAN DYKE

Superior. Also one of the Great Lakes - where I've been. Terrific restaurant on the North Shore called Pepe's. Check it out.

Mr. Van Dyke exits, leaving Lois, Angela and Peter standing there in awkward silence.

LOIS

Oh, my god! Can you believe it?! Isn't that great?!

A tense beat, then:

ANGELA

Hey, is that your phone, Lois?

PETER

(QUICKLY) Yeah, I'm pretty sure I heard your phone.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT./ESTAB. PAWTUCKET PATRIOT BREWERY - MORNING

INT. EMPLOYEE BREAK ROOM - SAME

Peter, Angela, and other EMPLOYEES drink coffee. Lois enters.

LOIS

(PEPPY) Happy Monday, everybody! Let's not forget those desk aerobics. After all, it's Carpal Tunnel Awareness Week!

PETER

(TO ANGELA, ROLLING EYES) Great. Another stupid Lois event. This is worse than that time I was stuck in line at the DMV with Dan Fogelberg.

INT. DMV - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Peter and DAN FOGELBERG stand in a very long line.

PETER

Oh, my god. How much longer are they gonna keep us standing out here?

DAN FOGELBERG

LONGER THAN THERE'VE BEEN FISHES IN THE OCEAN.

PETER

I've never seen such a high ratio of customers to clerks in a government building.

DAN FOGELBERG

HIGHER THAN ANY BIRD EVER FLEW.

PETER

Exactly. I mean, you look out in the parking lot, this line goes like ten people deep in each window.

DAN FOGELBERG

DEEPER THAN ANY FOREST PRIMEVAL, I'LL WAIT IN LINE WITH YOU.

Dan Fogelberg picks up a trumpet and plays a **solo** softly right in Peter's face. Peter stares into the trumpet, then looks back at the counter.

PETER

Oh, this sucks.

INT. EMPLOYEE BREAK ROOM - MORNING (BACK TO PRESENT)

Lois begins to put up a poster about Septemberfest.

LOIS

And everyone be sure to check the job board for your Septemberfest duties!
(EXCITED) Oh, it's gonna be a real guten tag!

PETER

Geez, Lois, would you quit makin' more work for us to do, you evil, old poopie robot?

OPIE turns to Lois.

OPIE

(UNINTELLIGIBLE BABBLE)

LOIS

(SMILES, RE: HER SKIRT) Why, thank you, Opie. And I even got it on sale.

Lois and Opie **chuckle** over this as Peter watches, confused.

LOIS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Peter, what were you saying?
Opie and I were just chatting.

PETER

(PISSY) Oh, you can understand Opie. Big
deal. Well, I can understand what the
owl from "Clash of the Titans" is saying.

The OWL from "Clash of the Titans" flies in. It chirps its
mechanical owl chirp.

PETER (CONT'D)

Ha-ha-ha! Right, right. Why don't we
just blame everything on Oliver North?

Lois exits. Angela turns to Peter.

ANGELA

We gotta do something about her. I
didn't bust my hump for the last
twelve years only to be passed up by
some perky cheerleader. I say we get
her fired.

PETER

That works for me. She hasn't been
this annoying since we went on that
camping trip.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Peter relaxes by the campfire as a pregnant Lois looks upon
their picnic table, which is strewn with food remnants.

LOIS

(NAGGING) Peter, we can't leave this
food out overnight. It's not safe.

PETER

(DISMISSIVE) Lois, it's fine.

WIDEN TO REVEAL Chris, Meg and a TWENTY-YEAR-OLD BOY are standing next to Lois.

LOIS

Peter, I even asked our kids, Chris, Meg, and Alan, and they all agree with me.

PETER

I'm tellin' ya, nothing's gonna--

A BEAR charges in, **mauling** Alan. They all **scream**.

EXT./ESTAB. DENNY'S - DAY

The sign out front reads, "All Menus Now 25% Less Sticky."

INT. DENNY'S - SAME

Brian sits with Jillian and a group of her BIMBO FRIENDS.

JILLIAN

(SOTTO, TO BRIAN) Thanks for hanging out with my friends, Brian.

BRIAN

(CONVINCING HIMSELF) Hey, c'mon, we're a legitimate couple, right? I should be able to talk with your friends.

ANGLE ON the other Bimbos.

BIMBO #1

...So then the valet pulls up and I'm all, "That is so not my car"... but then it totally was!

BIMBOS/JILLIAN

That's happened to me! / Me, too. / Cars go fast!

BRIAN

(LAUGHS TOO HARD) Oh, yeah. If I had a nickel for every time that happened! They all stare at Brian, wide-eyed.

BIMBO #2

(PROMPTING) Yeah...?

BRIAN

What?

BIMBO #2

(EARNESTLY) What if you had a nickel for every time that happened?

BRIAN

No, nothing. It's just an expression.

BIMBO #3

(BEWILDERED) A what?

BRIAN

Well, I was just saying I do my share of dopey stuff. Like one time, I attended a speaker's colloquium on federal judgeships and without realizing it, I kept calling William Rehnquist "William Rhinequist." (POINTS TO HIS HEAD) Doi.

They all stare blankly at him for an uncomfortable beat.

JILLIAN

Anyone else have to go to the little girls' room? (PEPPY) I have new gloss! It makes you look like you got punched in the mouth!

They all exit excitedly. Brian **sighs**. From the next booth:

STEWIE (O.S.)

Dude, that was painful.

WIDEN TO REVEAL Stewie has been watching from the next booth.

BRIAN

What are you doing here? Did you follow us?

STEWIE

Why can't you just call a spade a spade?

Brian finally breaks down.

BRIAN

Okay, fine. Jillian's an idiot. Is that what you want to hear? Hard as I tried to convince myself there was more to our relationship, we simply have nothing in common.

STEWIE

See? It's freeing, isn't it? (PULLS OUT PAPER) While you're at it, could you also sign this affidavit? Right below where it says, "I'm dating a hot dummy solely because of the actions she performs in, about, and regarding my genitalia." Oh, and initial here.

BRIAN

(SIGHS) I guess I've gotta break it off.

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

But, man, that's gonna be harder than
the time Peter made me fight crime with
him.

EXT. QUAHOG STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A WOMAN walks to her car. A THUG approaches her with a gun.

THUG

(TAKES PURSE) Hand it over, lady.

Peter and Brian, in lame homemade superhero outfits, rush up.

PETER

Stand back, evildoer, and return the
woman's bag by order of Totally Kickass
Strong Guy and Oddly Psychic Dog.

The Thug stares at them for a beat, then **shoots** Peter. Peter
falls, **wailing** in pain. The Thug runs off with the purse.
Brian and the Woman stare at each other blankly for a beat.

WOMAN

I actually know karate.

EXT. PAWTUCKET PATRIOT BREWERY - DAY

Across the grounds of the brewery, Septemberfest is in full
swing, complete with bands, booths, etc. **ANGLE ON** the stage,
where Lois stands before a mic.

LOIS

(INTO MIC) Thank you for coming,
everyone. We've got lots of fun
Septemberfest activities planned. For
the designated drivers, we have --
(TALKS O.S.) Do we have anything? (TO
CROWD AGAIN) Oh. Oh, we don't have
anything. Okay, well, for everyone
else, stop by the Hall of Dead
Alcoholics.

(MORE)

LOIS (CONT'D)

Have your picture taken with Dean
Martin, Janis Joplin, and Billy Joel.

(CROSSING FINGERS) One more crash,
Billy. Anyway, drink up!

ANGLE ON Angela, looking drunkenly spiteful. Peter enters.

PETER

Okay, we're all set. I put about ten
gallons of dish soap in the beer vats.

ANGELA

(DRUNK) Good. Let's see what Miss
Great Ideas does with that.

PETER

(NOTICING) Are you drunk?

ANGELA

Yeah. What about it?! You never seen
a drunk woman before?

Quagmire immediately zips into frame.

QUAGMIRE

Hey there. Name's Glenn. Heard you
were drunk.

ANGELA

Get lost, creep.

QUAGMIRE

Aw, come on. You're drunk. I'm
Quagmire. Let's work with that.

ANGELA

Fine. (FLASHES HIM) Like what you see?

QUAGMIRE

Uhp, gotta go. (ROADRUNNER NOISE) Meep-meep.

Quagmire runs away. We see him run off into the distance, over rolling hills toward the horizon. As he runs, he leaves a trail of smoke, and the road lifts up off the ground.

ANGLE ON Mayor West, tasting beer with some other PEOPLE.

MAYOR WEST

Mm, this soapy aftertaste brings to mind childhood experimentations with profanity... when my imaginary friend Ellery and I would swear together as we dined on Fun Dip and Dial soap.

Suddenly, Mayor West **groans in pain** and grabs his stomach. We **PAN ACROSS** the CROWD, where many PEOPLE are also doubled over, settling on Lois and Mr. Van Dyke on the stage. Peter and Angela enter.

ANGELA

(SNIDE) Great event, Lois.

Mr. Van Dyke watches as people stream out of the place, running for their cars, **puking** in trash cans, etc.

MR. VAN DYKE

What do you two know about this?

PETER

Nothing. (LOOKS AROUND) 'Cept apparently Palmolive gives you wicked diarrhea.

In some nearby bushes, we see MORT GOLDMAN doubled over.

MORT GOLDMAN

(PAINED) Son of a baloney sandwich, make it stop!

PETER

(FRIENDLY) Hey, Mort! (THEN, WHISPERING TO ANGELA) I hate that guy.

MR. VAN DYKE

(TO PETER AND ANGELA) So, you two are responsible for this mess? I've got half a mind to fire you both.

LOIS

No, Mr. Van Dyke. If anyone should be fired, it should be me. I planned the event, so all the details were mine to pull off or not. And besides, I'm Peter and Angela's superior. So, much as I love my job, ultimately, I'm responsible for their behavior, too.

MR. VAN DYKE

Lois, I'm giving you a Mexican promotion. Or as we say in this country, you're fired.

Lois sadly exits. As Peter watches her go, he looks upset.

MR. VAN DYKE (CONT'D)

(TO PETER AND ANGELA) I've been to Mexico.

EXT. JILLIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Brian's car is parked in front of the building.

INT. BRIAN'S CAR - SAME

Brian and Stewie sit in the car.

STEWIE

(BUILDING HIM UP) You can do this. It's time to get Jillian and the word "irregardless" out of our lives for good.

BRIAN

You know, language is simply communication. If you understand what she's trying to say--

STEWIE

Brian, for breakfast, she eats a "cimmanim" bagel with "a" egg, despite the "polesterol."

BRIAN

All right, all right.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Brian walks up to Jillian's door and **knocks**. Jillian opens the door, wearing only a towel.

JILLIAN

Oh, hey, Oogie. You look tense.

BRIAN

Well, Jillian, there's something we need to talk about.

JILLIAN

What is it?

Jillian removes her towel and stands there naked, drying her hair with it.

BRIAN

I'm, uh... worried about your polesterol.

Brian steps inside and shuts the door.

INT. BRIAN'S CAR - LATER

Stewie sleeps and is startled awake, as Brian gets back in the car. Stewie checks his watch.

STEWIE

(OFF WATCH) What the hell? It took you three hours to break up with her?

BRIAN

Uh, not exactly.

STEWIE

Well, what were you doing in there?

(SNIFFS) What's that smell? It smells
like sweat and anger and shame.

BRIAN

Yep.

Brian and Stewie drive off.

EXT./ESTAB. PAWTUCKET PATRIOT BREWERY - DAY

INT. ANGELA'S OFFICE - SAME

Angela is at her desk as a pensive Peter enters.

ANGELA

What do you want?

PETER

Eh, I feel terrible. It's our fault Lois
got fired. We gotta get Mr. Van Dyke to
change his mind. She deserves her job back.

ANGELA

(SCOFFS) Like I'm gonna fall on a sword
for her. (EXITING) I'll be at lunch.

As Peter stands forlornly, the closet opens, revealing Lois.

PETER

Lois?!

LOIS

That was sweet what you said, Peter.

PETER

I meant it, Lois. First, you save my
job, and, like a jerk, I repay you by
getting you fired.

LOIS

That's okay, sweetheart. I'm gonna miss working here, but I miss being a wife and a mom, too. (SMILES) C'mon, let's get outta here.

They begin to exit together.

PETER

Hey... what were you doing in the closet?

LOIS

Oh, just hidin' in there 'til Angela left so I could fart on her phone.

PETER

(GENUINELY) I love you.

We immediately **CUT TO** PHONY END CREDITS that get compressed all the way to the side of the screen by:

INT. CHANNEL FIVE NEWSROOM - NIGHT

Tom Tucker sits at the news desk.

TOM

I'm Tom Tucker. Coming up on the Channel Five News at Ten: can gaydar detect shoulder-fired missiles? Then, who's in the kitchen with Dinah? Kitchen rapist still on the loose. And Detroit set to unveil a new line of vehicles that run on... malt vinegar? All that and more... right here at ten!

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF SHOW